

## Theatrical Chatter

BY BRANDON.

Ada Rehan, who closed her season in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" last Saturday night, will shortly for Ireland, where she will spend the summer.

Ralph Modjeska and several other Polish residents of Chicago are planning to erect a Polish theatre and institute in that city, the cost of which is estimated at \$50,000.

The revival of Shakespearean drama is not going to be confined to E. H. Sothern, William Gillette and Maude Adams, for Walker Whiteside announces his intention to enter the field in an elaborate production of Richard III. The Shuman Brothers, his managers, intend to make it a scenic production, and will employ some thirty people for the company. Mr. Whiteside established his reputation as a Shakespearean actor several years ago at the Union Square theatre, and subsequently at the Herald Square theatre. There is no reason why he should not be an ideal Richard.

The curtain was rung down for the last time at the Star theatre on Saturday night, and the famous play house that has sheltered some of the greatest stars of the two continents is now in the hands of the demolishers and will soon give way to an immense office building. The house was dedicated by Lester Wallace on September 5, 1891, and for nearly twenty years it sheltered the Wallace Stock company. It became a home for German plays in 1891, but light opera followed in quick succession. In 1893 the house was renamed The Star under Theodore Moss' management, and a few years ago passed into the hands of the Guzik circuit. Thomas E. Shea has credit of being the last player upon the stage. His season wound up on Saturday night.

Rose Stahl was invited to give her advice to stage-struck girls by a newspaper in Columbus, Ohio, and among other things she said: "First of all she must have some talent. An ounce of inspiration is worth more than all the grand grand theories known to man. Yes, she must first be assured that she has talent. If she shows no talent let her give it up at once and spare herself and the public endless pain and weariness. A very easy matter to discover dramatic talent, and the stage-struck girl will very soon learn whether she is going forward to success when she has been given the first real chance to show her possibilities as an actress. Once fairly launched in her profession she must work, work incessantly. Work means beginning at the bottom of the ladder and crawling up. There's no better school than a good stock company." "Doesn't the discovery of talent depend largely on chance?" "Frequently, but work, hard work, is chance's main ingredient." "It's often urged against a girl going on the stage that she may become immoral?" "That is not a sensible objection. In my opinion a girl must be weak indeed, if she cannot withstand the temptations encountered on the stage. There are no more temptations for the right minded woman who is an actress than there is in any business calling." "There are women of the stage, said Miss Stahl, whose lives are as exemplary as those of any woman. People in obscure stations may create scandals and get divorces without creating a great deal of notoriety, because the public is not interested in what they do, but the dramatic affairs of stage people are quickly aired through the newspapers. I believe that this is one of the great reasons that cause so much adverse criticism against the morality of the dramatic profession."

It was said news that the profession received last week, that Theresa Vaughn was committed to the Worcester Asylum for the Insane on advice of her physician. It was known over two years ago that Miss Vaughn was obliged to give up the stage on account of failing memory, but it was never known her case was so serious until it was learned she was unable to attend the funeral of her brother, Joseph Ott, when he was buried in New York some months ago. Miss Vaughn had been in charge of her mother in Chelsea, Mass., and became so seriously ill that it was necessary to secure a commitment and send her to an institution. Not so long ago Miss Vaughn was favorably known as one of the daintiest of light opera prima donnas. She came into prominence in W. A. Mestayer's company in "The Tourist or Fun in a Pullman Car." Subsequently she appeared at the Casino, Bijou theatre, and several other theatres in New York city and for a time was starred by Mestayer, and when he died she went into temporary retirement. She subsequently returned to the stage but she never appeared to be the same vivacious woman who was known to the operatic stage as the one actress who could sing in French, German and Italian with sufficient ease to make many of her fellow players envious. Miss Vaughn was a very pretty woman and came of a theatrical family, which included her brothers Joseph and Matthew Ott, and her sister, who was the wife of Sherrie Matthews.

Perhaps when Corse Payton reads this little story about him in the Dramatic News, he will want to do a few stunts around the editorial chair. It is not often that the theatre-going public get more than they bargain for when they pay a small fee to get into a cheap theatre, but Corse Payton, fearing that his plays, offered at a price of twenty and thirty cents, do not give the audience the full value of their money, usually presents himself before the curtain and in a manner frequently too flippant, tells his hearers what he is going to do and what they ought to do. For instance, during a performance called "The Belle of Richmond" at his theatre in Brooklyn last week, Mr. Payton came before the footlights and said: "Now, don't forget that we will do 'Romeo and Juliet' next week. It is

a fine play by William Shakespeare, and our stage manager, George Hooy, and it will be presented by permission of Charles Frohman." There was a pause and Mr. Payton stepped over the footlights and planted a big foot on top of the piano in the orchestra and whispered softly: "I did not hear anyone call for the author." It is a pretty nice sort of a thing nowadays when the manager of a theatre finds it necessary to step before the footlights and insult the intelligence of his audience. The great unwashed, as well as the mechanics who are in the majority as patrons of Payton's theatre, showed more intelligence than Mr. Payton, for they resented his remarks and hissed him. Such an exhibition of ill breeding has rarely ever been seen in the cheapest kind of a theatre. Even the youngest boy is taught Shakespeare and probably knows more about it than the wise Mr. Payton. Sidney Somers Toler, the leading man at this theatre, also made a speech. He quoted Richard Mansfield as having said it was necessary to go abroad in order to get a good play, and he patted himself on the back because he had just offered a play of his own called "The Belle of Richmond." If this play is a sample of Mr. Toler's ability he will certainly never be eligible to membership in the American Dramatist club.

### ANDREW MACK.

Bright, sunny-faced Andrew Mack will be the center of attraction at Poli's this evening, when he will present "An Irish Gentleman." As Jack Shannon in this beautiful play, Mack has the role that all he has played pleases him best. It is a thoroughly Irish character in every way, but it shows us the Irishman as he really is, a polished and native gentleman, not the monkey that many stage creations make him. Of course there is a love story, for the Irishman takes as naturally to love as he does to sing; and there are songs, for a play with Andrew Mack without songs wouldn't be the thing at all. During the performance he sings "The Dove Song," "My Sweetest Girl," "The Irish Street Singer," "My Heart's Delight" and "The Story of the Rose." An excellent company supports Mr. Mack, including Miss Josephine Love, Maggie Fielding, Anna Barclay, Little Vivian Martin, Messrs Edwin Brandt, John E. Ince, Jr., Benjamin J. Ringgold, George W. Deys, Edward O'Connor, Thomas Jackson, John Freeze, and Robert McKee. Prices are 25, 35, 50 cents and \$1.

### THOMAS E. SHEA.

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" will be presented this evening as the closing performance of Thomas E. Shea's engagement at the Jacques. Mr. Shea has won a national reputation for his marvelous conception of this unique role. Many critics rank him first among America's light opera companies; it need only be mentioned that "Robin Hood" is the greatest success that this great company has ever had. It has been sung for ten years, and Henry Clay Barnabee's wonderful creation of the droll sheriff of Nottingham, the songs "Brown October 18," "O, Promise Me" and "The Old Cross Bow" are well worth the price of admission. Estelle Wentworth, Josephine Bartlett, Albert Parr, Vernon Stiles, John Dunmore, W. H. Frothingham and other favorites, reinforced by a chorus of 60 voices will take part. The company has its own orchestra of 16 pieces under the leadership of S. L. Studley. Seats are now on sale.

### "ROBIN HOOD."

There has been a very large demand to-day for seats for the Bostonians' presentation of "Robin Hood" on Monday evening, and there is already assurance of a very large audience. Nothing need be said, of course, in praise of the Bostonians, as it ranks first among America's light opera companies; it need only be mentioned that "Robin Hood" is the greatest success that this great company has ever had. It has been sung for ten years, and Henry Clay Barnabee's wonderful creation of the droll sheriff of Nottingham, the songs "Brown October 18," "O, Promise Me" and "The Old Cross Bow" are well worth the price of admission. Estelle Wentworth, Josephine Bartlett, Albert Parr, Vernon Stiles, John Dunmore, W. H. Frothingham and other favorites, reinforced by a chorus of 60 voices will take part. The company has its own orchestra of 16 pieces under the leadership of S. L. Studley. Seats are now on sale.

### EDISON PICTURES.

The Edison moving pictures will be the attraction all next week at the Jacques, opening with a special matinee Monday at 4 o'clock. This is the hour for the exhibition to open each afternoon, thus giving the school children a chance to attend. The pictures are new and up to date and at every exhibition changes are made. All are out on with complete stage effects, which heighten the realism and add to the interest. Prices are 10, 20 and 25 cents, and half prices at the matinee.

### MEETINGS TO-NIGHT.

Norwegian lodge school meeting. Friendly league, home evening, hand sewing.

### MEETINGS TO-MORROW.

Socialist labor party. St. Joseph's T. A. society. French Canadian institute. L'Union Fraternelle Française. Hendrickson council, No. 36, K. of C.

### Robber Crept in with Wolves.

For sheer melodrama the English jewel robber Houghton's arrest would be hard to beat. After his last big diamond theft, which occurred a few days ago, he was traced to West Bromwich, and thence led the detectives a dance over the country. At last, when the pursuers were hard on his heels, he dashed into a traveling menagerie, which was exhibiting just outside Birmingham. There he found one of the attendants fastening up a van cage containing a pair of large gray wolves. He flung the man on one side and opened the cage, shutting himself in with the beasts, and daring anyone to fetch him out. The strange thing was that the wolves, which the proprietor had always considered the most dangerous animals in the show, took no notice of the fugitive, but showed great ill temper toward the keeper and a constable, who had great difficulty in dragging Houghton out. —Lor.



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In the nervous anxiety to which Stuyvesant was a prey, the sentry's manner irritated him. It smacked at first of undue, unnecessary authority, yet the soldier in him put the unworthy thought to shame, and, struggling against his impatience, yet most unwillingly, Stuyvesant obediently turned. He had shouldered a musket in a splendid regiment of citizen soldiery whose pride it was that no regular army inspector could pick flaws in their performance of guard and sentry duty. He had brought to the point of his bayonet, time and again, officers far higher in rank than that which he now held. He knew that, whether necessary or not, the sentry's demand was within his rights, and there was no course for him but compliance. He hastened back, and, controlling his voice as much as possible, began:

"You're right, sentry! St-u-y—" when through a gateway across the street north of the Faura came swinging into sight a little squad of armed men.

Again the sentry's challenge, sharp, clear, resonant, rang on the still night air. Three soldiers halted in their tracks, the fourth, with the white chevrons of a corporal on his sleeves, came bounding across the street without waiting for a demand to advance for recognition.

"Same old patrol, Billy," he called, as he neared them. "On your way back to the guard-house." Then, seeing the straps on the officer's shoulders, respectfully saluted. "Couldst find any trace outside. Keep sharp looking-out, No. 6," he added, and turning hurriedly back to his patrol, started with them up the street in the direction Stuyvesant was longing to go.

"Sorry to detain you, sir, and beg pardon for letting him run up on us in that way. We've got extra orders to-night. There's a queer set, mostly natives, in that second house yonder (and he pointed to a substantial two-story building about 30 paces from the corner). They got in there while the fire excitement was on. Twice I've seen them peeping out from that door. That's why I dare not leave here and chase after you—after the lieutenant. Now, may I have the name again, sir?"

And at last, without interruption, Stuyvesant spelled and pronounced the revered old Dutch patronymic. At last he was able to go unhindered, and now, overcome by anxiety, eagerness and dread, he hardly knew what, he broke into fleet-footed, rapid run, much to the surprise of the staid patrol which he overtook trudging along on the opposite side of the street, two blocks away, and never halted until again brought up standing by a sentry at the San Luis.

Ten minutes later, while still listening to Brent's oft-repeated tale of the theft, and still quivering a little from excitement, Stuyvesant heard another sound, the rapid rhythmic beat of dancing footsteps. "Hullo!" interrupted one of the lingering officers. "Another fire company coming? It's about time more began to arrive, isn't it?"

"It's a patrol—and on the jump, too! What's up, I wonder?" answered Brent, spinning about to face towards the Calle Real. There was an officer with this patrol—an officer who in his eagerness could barely abide the sentry's challenge.

"Officer of the guard—with patrol," he cried, adding instantly, as he darted into view: "Sentry, which— which way did that officer go? Tall young officer—in white uniform!"

In surprise the sentry nodded towards the speechless group standing in front of Brent's, and to them came the boy lieutenant, panting and in



"MY ORDERS ARE TO ARREST YOU, MR. STUYVESANT."

manifest excitement. "I beg pardon, colonel," he began, "our sentry, No. 6, was found a minute ago—shot dead—down on the Padre Faura. My men said they saw an officer running from the spot, running this way, and this gentleman—Mr. Stuyvesant, isn't it?"

There was an awkward silence, an awkward pause. "I certainly was there not long ago," spoke Stuyvesant. "And No. 6, your sentry, was then all right. I certainly came running."

"That's all I can hear," was the sharp interruption. "My orders are to arrest you. You're my prisoner, Mr. Stuyvesant," gasped the lad.

"Preposterous!" said Dr. Frank a few minutes later, when told by an awe-stricken group what had occurred.

"Preposterous say I!" echoed Brent. "And yet, see here—Oh, of course, you know Maj. MacNeil, field officer of the day," he added, indicating a tall, thin-faced, gray-mustached officer of regulars who had but just arrived, and who now held forth a gleaming revolver with the words: "I picked this up myself—not ten yards from where he lay."

A solemn assemblage was that at the Ermita quarters of the provost guard the following day. Officers of rank and soldiers from the ranks, in rusty blue, in gleaming white, in dingy khaki, rubbed shoulders and elbows in the crowded courtyard.

In the presence of death the American remembers that men are born equal and forgets the ceremonious observance of military courtesies. All voices were lowered, all discussion hushed. There was a spontaneous movement when the division commander entered and all made way for him without a word, but suddenly stood the rank and file and held their ground against all others, for the preliminary examination, as it might be called, was to take place at ten o'clock.

The dead man was of their own grade, and an ugly story had gone like wildfire through the barracks and quarters that his slayer was a commissioned officer, an aid-de-camp, the general himself, a son of a distinguished and wealthy family of the greatest city of America, and all official influence, presumably, would be enlisted in his behalf. Therefore, silent, yet determined, were they present in strong force, not in disrespect, not in defiance, but with that calm yet indomitable resolution to see for themselves that justice was done, that soldiers of no other than the Anglo-Saxon race could ever imitate, or the officers might air. Three soldiers, understand, and even tacitly approve.

The dead man had died instantly, not in the flush and glory of battle, but in the lonely, yet most honorable, discharge of the sacred duty of the sentinel. Murder most foul was his, and had he been well-nigh a pariah among them—a man set apart from his kind—the impulse of his fellow soldiers would have been to see to it that his death at such a time, and on such a duty went not avenged. As it was, the man who lay there, already stiff and cold, was known among them as one of the bravest, brightest spirits of their whole army, a lad of birth probably more gentle than that of many an officer, of gifts of mind and character superior to those of not a few superiors, a fellow who had won their fellowship as easily as he had learned the duties of the soldier.

A whole battalion in the regulars and dozens of gallant boys in the Idaho and North Dakotas knew Billy Benton and had been full of sympathy when he was picked up one night some three weeks previous, his head laid open by a powerful blow from some blunt instrument, bleeding and senseless. Even when released from hospital a fortnight later he was dazed and queer, was twice reported out of quarters over night and absent from roll call, but was forgiven because of "previous character" and the belief that he was really not responsible for these soldierly solecisms.

One thing seemed to worry him, and that was, as he admitted, that he had been robbed of some papers that he valued. But he soon seemed "all right again," said his fellows, at least to the extent of resuming duty, and when, clean shaved and in his best attire, he marched on guard that glad October morning they were betting on him for the first chevrons and speedy commission.

All that his few intimates, the one or two who claimed to know him, could be induced to admit was that his real name was not Benton, and that he had enlisted utterly against the wishes of his kindred. And so, regulars and volunteers alike, they thronged the open patio and all approaches thereto, and no officer would now suggest that that court be cleared. It was best that "Thinking Bayonets" should be there to hear and see for himself.

"No, indeed, don't do anything of the kind!" said the general, promptly, when asked half hesitatingly by the captain of the guard whether he preferred to exclude the men. And in this unusual presence the brief, straightforward examination went on.

First to tell his tale was the corporal of the second relief. He had posted his men between 8:30 and 8:45, Private Benton on No. 6 at the corner of the Calle Real and Parde Faura. That post had been chosen for him as being not very far away from that of the guard, as the young "feller" had not entirely recovered his strength, and the officer of the day had expressed some regret at his having so soon attempted to resume duty, but Benton had laughingly said that he was "all right" and he didn't mean to have other men doing sentry for him.

"Soon after nine," said the corporal, "I went round warning all as directed by the officer of the guard. The officer of the guard himself went round cautioning the sentries. There was a good deal of fun and excitement just then down the street. No. 9 in the Calle Nueva had shot twice at some fleeing natives who nearly upset him as they dashed round the corner from the Bagumbayan, and he had later mistaken Col. Brent in his white suit for a Filipino and nervously fired. Nos. 7 and 8 in the side streets mistook the shooting for fire alarm, and Private Benton repeated, in accordance with his orders, but when I (the corporal) saw him was laughing to kill himself over the Manila fire department."

Benton didn't seem much impressed at first about the thief and the deserter, but towards 9:45, when the corporal again visited his post and the streets were getting quiet, Benton said there were some natives in the second house across the way whose movements puzzled him. They kept coming to the front door and windows and peeping out at him. A patrol came along just then, searching alleyways and yards, and they looked about the premises, while he (Corporal Scott) started west on the Faura to warn No. 4, who was over towards the beach, and while there Maj. MacNeil, the field officer of the day, came along, and after making inquiries as to what No. 4 had seen and heard and asking him his orders, he turned back to the Faura, Corporal Scott following.

One block west of the Calle Real the major stopped as though to listen to some sound he seemed to have heard in the dark street running nar-

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allev with the Real, and then stepped into it as though to examine, so Scott followed, and almost instantly they heard a muffled report "like a pistol inside a blanket," and hastening round into the Faura, they found Benton lying on his face in the middle of the street, just at the corner of the Calle Real, stone dead. His rifle they found in the gutter not 20 feet from him.

Scott ran at once to the guard-house, three blocks away, and gave the alarm. Then the patrol said that a tall officer, running full speed, had passed them, and here the provost marshal interposed with:

"Never mind what the patrol said. Just tell what you—the witness—did next."

Scott continued that he and others, with the lieutenant, officer of the guard, ran back to No. 6's post, and there stood the major with the pistol.

"When we asked should we search the yards and alleys the major nodded, but the moment he heard the men talking about the running officer he gave the lieutenant orders."

And again the provost marshal said: "Never mind," the major would describe all that.

(To Be Continued.)

### The Glowing Future.

"The sweetest song has not been sung." Nor has the fairest star been found; The brightest jewel still is hid In silent darkness underground; The gladdest peal is yet to ring, The fairest blush is still to glow, The greatest day is still to dawn, The reddest rose is still to bloom, The fondest sigh has not been heard, The sweetest draught has not been quaffed.

The greatest ship has never sailed, The happiest laugh has never laughed, The fairest city yet shall rise, The strongest wall has not been stormed, And even now, perhaps—who knows?—The greatest trust may not be formed, The kindest word has not been heard, The sweetest flower is still to bloom, The greatest gun is still to boom—And let us not, O fellow men, Forget, in this connection, that We never have as yet been up Against the costliest Easter hat.

(S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.)

### Potato Biscuit.

Boil, peel and mash fine one quart of potatoes; rub them into one quart of sifted flour and one teaspoonful of salt; work in one teaspoonful of lard, then add enough sweet milk to make a moderately stiff dough; roll out to a quarter of an inch thick, cut into squares and bake in a quick oven. Sprinkling sugar over the top is to many palates an improvement.—People's Home Journal.

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**Clerks' Meeting.**

The next regular meeting of the Clerks' Association will be held in Red Men's Hall, Tuesday evening, April 23, at 8 O'clock, Sharp.

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**ALMSHOUSE SUPPLIES**

Proposals for furnishing the Alms-house with meat, bread and fish, for six months, from May 1st, 1901, will be received by the selectmen at their office in City Hall building, until 8 o'clock in the evening of Friday, April 26th, 1901.

Mortimer Dora, William T. Disa, George A. Boughton, Selectmen.

4-24-3